Master *Launcelet*.

Gob. Your worships friend, and *Lancelet* sir.

Lan. But I pray you *ergo* olde man, *ergo* I beseech you, talke you of yong M. *Lancelet*.

Gob, Of *Lancelet* an't please your mastership.

Lan. Ergo master *Lancelet*, talke not of maister *Lancelet* Father; for the yong Gentleman according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such braunches of learning, is indeed deceased, or as you would say in plain terms, gone to heauen.

Gob. Marry God forbid, the boy was the verie staffe of my age, my very prop.

Lance. Do I looke like a cudgell or a houell poste, a staffe, or a prop: do you know me Father.

Gob. Alacke the day, I know you not yong Gentleman, but I pray you tell mee, is my boy (GOD rest his soule) aliue or dead.

Lance. Do you not know me Father?

Gob. Alacke sir, I am sand blinde, I know you not.

Lan. Nay, in deede if you had your eyes you might faile of the knowing me: it is a wise Father that knowes his own child. Well, olde man, I will tell you newes of your sonne, giue mee your blessing; Trueth will come to light, Murther cannot be hidde long, a mans sonne may, but at the length trueth will out.

Gobbo. Pray you sir stand vp, I am sure you are not *Launcelet* my boy.

Lance. Pray you let's haue no more fooling about it, but giue me your blessing; I am *Lancelot* your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot thinke you are my sonne.

Lance. I know not what I shall thinke of that, but I am *Lancelet* the Iews man, and I am sure *Margery* your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is *Margery* indeede, ile be sworne if thou bee *Lancelet*, thou art mine owne flesh and blood: Lord worshipt might

might he be, what a beard hast thou got? thou hast got more haire on thy chin, then Dobbin my pilhorse has on his tale.

Lan. It should seeme then that Dobbins taile growes backward. I am sure he had more haire of his tayle then I haue of my face, when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord how art thou chang'd: how doest thou and thy Master agree? I haue brought him a present; how agree you now?

Lance. Well, well, but for mine owne part, as I haue set vp my rest to runne away, so I will not rest till I haue run some ground; My master's a very Iew, giue him a present, giue him a halter, I am famisht in his seruice. You may tell euery finger I haue with my ribs: Father I am glad you are come, giue me your present to one Master *Bassanio*, who indeed giues rare new liueries, if I serue not him, I will runne as farre as God has any ground. O rare fortune, here comes the man, to him Father, for I am a Iew if I serue the Iew any longer.

Enter Bassanio with a follower or two.

Bass. You may doe so, but let it be so hasted that supper be ready at the farthest by fiue of the clocke: see these Letters deliuered, put the Lyueries to making, and desire *Gratiano* to come anon to my lodging.

Exit one of his men.

Lance. To him Father.

Gob. God blesse your Worship.

Bass. Gramercy, wouldst thou ought with me?

Gob. Here's my sonne sir, a poore boy.

Lance. Not a poore boy sir, but the rich Iewes man that would sir, as my father shall specifie.

Gob. He hath a great infection sir, as one would say to serue.

Lance. Indeed the short and the long is, I serue the Iew, and haue a desire as my Father shall specifie.

Gob. His Master and he (sauing your worships reuerence) are scarse catercosins.